

NEW SCARE GIVEN POLICE BY CRONES IN THIRD LETTER

Maniacal Anarchist Poisoner,
Tired of New York, Will
Quit City To-Morrow.

BROTHER OFFERS CLUES

Tells Where Poison Suspect
Worked Here and Promises
Help in Hunt.

Jean Crones, the letter writing maniacal poisoner who sought to kill 300 diners at Archbishop Mundelein's banquet in Chicago two weeks ago, is getting tired of New York. Apparently he thinks it is too easy for him to elude the police, and in a third letter received last night and printed to-day Crones declares that he will leave the city Sunday night.

This declaration gives the police the first tangible clue Crones has dropped since his arrival in the city. Scores of Inspector Gray's best men have been roaming around town looking for Crones, and they wouldn't have known him if he had spoken to them. His last letter gives them something to work on, and in addition they have received from Chicago a new and official description of the fugitive.

Every railroad station and ferry-house in the city is being watched to-day because of Crones's announcement that he is going to leave New York. The detectives believe they have a better chance to land him when he is trying to get out than when he is submerged in the city's millions.

The new description of Crones places his age at twenty-four. He is 5 feet 7 inches tall, weighs 150 pounds, is slightly stooped and has dark bushy hair and hollow cheeks. He walks rapidly and with a swinging gait, and in Chicago he always wore a dark suit and a gray overcoat. It is possible that, as he asserted in his first letter, he has dyed or bleached his hair. Every police officer in the city will be in possession of this description before night.

If what is believed of Crones is true, that he is a maniac, and that he is prepared momentarily to blow himself and his pursuers into eternity, he would be about as welcome a sight to the average citizen as a man-eating tiger with rattlesnake fangs smoking a cigarette in a gunpowder plant.

The belief that publicists are still further excited Crones's brain, and is furthering the police up to a point of almost unparalleled anxiety. They do not know what he may attempt. They have visions of St. Patrick's cathedral going up in the air and a bushy-haired person dynamiting the quarters.

More details of the alleged Chicago poison plot are given by Crones in his latest letter. He wrote that he did not put poison into the soup served to the 300 priests and other prominent men, but put it into the "stock" in the cold meat room, where he was employed. He denied that there were explosives in his room, and that he knew about plots to destroy public buildings or other acts of violence.

Crones said that he was not an anarchist until "the Ludlow massacre in Colorado" on April 19, 1914, at the time of the labor troubles at mines controlled by the Rockefeller interests. The police of Chicago again were laid up to ridicule by the chief, who asserted that all of the men arrested in Chicago in connection with the poison plot were innocent. He suggested that the whole Chicago police force be sent to a correspondence school.

Over the long distance telephone Paul Crones, assistant chef at the Argonaut Hotel here, offered to do all he could to discover his brother. Not an anarchist himself, he declared he had never before suspected his brother's criminal tendencies.

Paul Crones gave to a reporter his brother's former address in New York—a rooming house in lower Manhattan where Crones had lived until about November, 1914, while employed in a Broadway restaurant, the address of which Paul also gave. He added the information that the last lady of the rooming house had an excellent photograph of Crones, which she exhibited to Paul when he arrived from Germany he called there to search for Jean.

This information was regarded as of particular importance because hitherto the police have been compelled to work on a description alone of the missing man, and have been unable to get any picture of him.

Paul said his brother is but twenty-three years old and that he cannot add to the description already possessed by the police, as he had not seen Jean in several years. Jean came to New York from Cologne, Germany, in June, 1914, and is a German, Paul said. Paul followed in November and at once called at the restaurant where Jean had written his mother in Cologne he was employed. There he was informed his brother, employed for a time as assistant chef, had gone.

Paul then had the address of the rooming house, where the woman proprietor, whose name, as nearly as it could be made out over the telephone, was Long, said that Jean had gone to work at a Hotel Arlington in a New Jersey town.

Paul wrote to this hotel and was advised by return post that Jean had worked at the place but two months and then had suddenly departed. Paul also learned of Jean's brief employment, already told of, at a Staten Island resort, and then lost all trace of him. A few months later his mother wrote him that Paul was in Chicago.

Charlie Chaplin Would Be a Screen Hamlet; Ambition Consumes King of the Movies

CHARLES IS AN
ADMIRER OF THE BEAUTIFUL



Favorite of the Film Fans Can't Laugh at Himself, but He Hasn't Yet Seen Himself as the Melancholy Dane—Nixola Greeley-Smith Finds Him a Fine Chap, With Brains, Even if His Toes Do Turn Up.

By Nixola Greeley-Smith.

The least of lives has its great moments. I had my great hour yesterday when I met Charlie Chaplin, king of the movies, for the first time. Not the way you have met him on every screen from Maine to Honolulu, but actually face to face, and in the Plaza Hotel, where he is staying. Of course, you are going to meet him Sunday, for he is to lead the orchestra at a benefit performance at the Hippodrome, and where, Mr. Chaplin himself told me, his highest ambition is to be as funny as most of the serious orchestra leaders he has observed.

Meantime I have found out some things about Charlie Chaplin, the funniest man in the world. He is English. He is twenty-six years old.

He is not married but is willing to be after he has tasted "some of the spices of life" (Mr. Chaplin's expression, not mine.) He prefers blondes AND brunettes. He told me so himself.

He wants a woman for his wife who is beautiful and brilliant. "Oh, no, you don't," I protested. Brains frighten men. Brains are the scarerow that warn men away from beauty when those two rare qualities exist in the same woman.

"That's true," admitted Mr. Chaplin. "Men do want to—well, look down on a woman, or rather they want to have her look up to them. But you know, really, I haven't got brains enough to feel that way. I think I should like an intelligent woman. Yes, I'm sure I should." Still, notwithstanding Mr. Chaplin's declaration, I hope that Charlotte Perkins Gilman, Jane Addams, Ida Tarbell and all the other of our professional female INTELLECTS will NOT write.

NICEST SORT OF CHAP, BUT HIS TOES TURN UP.

Really, you impatient movie fans waiting for me to get down to cases. Charlie Chaplin is the nicest kind of chap—English, you know—awfully modest and retiring with a fresh, vivid coloring and blue-gray eyes. Small, with shoulders inclined to slope a bit, clean shaven—oh, yes, the famous mustache is false—false as woman's complexion, as man's love; and when I met him, he did not twirl a cane. But he DID, he DOES turn up his toes, even in private life. And do you know what his great ambition is? He told it to me. "I want," said Mr. Chaplin, solemnly, "to put Hamlet on the screen."

"A burlesque?" I said. "No, certainly not," the King of the Movies answered with the only touch of hauteur in a conversation which lasted an hour. "A serious picture. It would make a great picture, you know."

I should say I did know! Think of a Hamlet that turns up his toes in EVERY act instead of merely in the fifth, as any old tragedian like Booth or Irving or Forbes Robertson has made him do!

"You like Shakespeare?" I queried. "Of course you do. But do you read him?"

"Is that fair?" countered Mr. Chaplin. "I like Shakespeare. I like him particularly in Lamb's 'Tales from Shakespeare.' That's where I got all I knew about him."

THIS WAS refreshment. At that moment I realized why Charlie Chaplin has made a great success. He has the courage to be himself.

"Do you read Shakespeare for recreation?" I asked. "No, indeed! I read W. J. Locke," Mr. Chaplin replied. "But when I want to have a really good time I play the violin."

"Ragtime?" "No," he answered. "I dislike ragtime; I play classical—only those I can pick up by ear."

"FROM RAGS TO RICHES" CAME TRUE IN LIFE.

All the time that Charlie Chaplin and I were seated in the lobby of the Plaza I had been wondering of whom the King of the Movies reminded me. Suddenly all the Dickensian atmosphere which surrounded him was condensed in the vision of Oliver Twist. Perhaps you don't know that Charlie Chaplin was once a workhouse boy, like Oliver. His father and mother were English travelling players and Charlie Chaplin was born in France, quite appropriately at Fontainebleau where other royalties than kings of the

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(SERIOUSLY)

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HUGE GOLD BRICK MADE FOR USE IN \$250,000 SWINDLE

Frank Thompson, However,
Never Put Over the
Big Coup.

BUT IT DID SERVICE.

Was to Be Part of Cargo of
British Bullion That Was
Stolen.

The largest gold brick ever seen in these parts and probably the largest gold brick ever made for swindling purposes is to constitute the nucleus of a museum which District Attorney Swann is about to start. The brick was sent to the District Attorney's office to-day from St. Louis where it had been hidden in a trunk in the home of George Pohlman, a stealer for the Frank Thompson gang of confidence men, the members of which were sentenced yesterday.

The brick weighs sixty-five pounds, it is thirty inches long and two and one-half inches wide and deep and is gold plated. In one corner, for "testing" purposes, there runs clear through the brick a thin plug of pure gold. Scars show that the brick had been used and that some "come on" had been supplied with chips of the real gold in order to convince him that the whole brick was of precious metal.

Pohlman told Assistant District Attorney O'Malley that Thompson had the brick manufactured in pursuance of a swindling scheme out of which he expected to net a quarter of a million dollars. In this scheme Thompson intended to go after big game, no less than a New York millionaire financier whose name Pohlman does not know.

Thompson had the brick made and guided to represent a bar of gold bullion. His idea grew out of the shipment to this country of great quantities of gold from England because of the necessity for the establishment of British credit after the outbreak of the war.

"I don't know how far he got with it," said Pohlman. "It was a wonderful frame-up, though. The idea was to interest some millionaire in this gold brick by telling him it was part of a shipment of a million dollars in gold bullion which had been stolen from the steamship in transit and secretly conveyed to another vessel. The millionaire was to be led to believe that Thompson had a whole warehouse full of those bricks which he would be willing to dispose of to some financier who could use them without exciting suspicion."

"I guess the plan fell through or the 'sucker' got suspicious, for he shipped the brick to me in a trunk by express and told me to hide it in my home in St. Louis as he was afraid it might cause trouble. He never told me who he intended to trim with the brick."

At 2 A. M. to-day, she told the police, she awoke to find two masked men with revolvers pointed at her. They assured her one scream would be her end, so she screamed. They dragged her out of bed and threw her in a corner. While one guarded her the other passed through the room where her two sisters slept to the room of her parents in the rear.

Lifting the mattress at the foot of the parental bed the robbers took out a chamois bag, removed a scarfpin and diamond ring worth \$75 and two pawn tickets, and replaced the bag. Then the robbers disappeared through the front window, which they carefully closed so she would not catch cold.

Mrs. Bucco aroused her parents and sisters, none of whom had been disturbed by her previous screams or the operations of the gunmen. A policeman on the corner saw no one leave the house, and none of the other tenants heard anything. But Mrs. Bucco has two scratches on her neck and the jewelry is gone.

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M. D. ROBINSON,
ROOSEVELT'S NEPHEW.
WEDS GIRL IN BOSTON.



THIS WAS THE
JORDAN.

A wedding to-day of interest to society is that of Miss Dorothy M. Jordan, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Jordan of Boston, to Monroe Douglas Robinson of New York, a nephew of Col. Roosevelt.

The ceremony will be performed at Trinity Church, Boston, and a large reception will follow at the bride's home in Beacon Street. Mr. Robinson is a son of Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Robinson of No. 9 East Sixty-third Street. A large contingent of New Yorkers went to Boston for the wedding.

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